

SAN FRANCISCO CONFIDENTIAL



Adult
Edition
\$1.00
per Copy

AMUSING AND SOPHISTICATED
INSIGHTS ON THE WORLD'S
MOST FASCINATING CITY

SAN NUDIST *on* **NOB HILL**
HOLLYWOOD'S FUNNIEST RACKET



THE CASE OF THE RED FACED RAILROAD



This is just part of a picture from a Western Pacific time-table that caused the railroad much embarrassment. You see, the lower part of the picture, which we have cut off — — seems to disclose something which actually was not there. But, that something, caused the red faced railroad to send one and all out of the offices and into the hotels and wherever the time-tables might be to gather them up lest the public think ill indeed of the trains and the dining cars in particular. Herb Caen, San Francisco Examiner columnist, started the whole thing with just a line in his Caenfetti.

The Western Pacific railroad is an excellent transportation medium, operating upon tracks with trim trains that give you a comfortable trip. The Western Pacific railroad is vitally interested in getting you to your destination speedily and they strive to make their facilities available with a minimum of confusion.

That's why they spend lots of lucre printing and distributing time-tables that are also advertising brochures. If you are taking the train, it's handy and sometimes vital to know when it leaves and when it arrives. Any hotel lobby rack has the Western Pacific time-table, that is — except for one occasion — the time when the railroad turned red faced in embarrassment.

The Western Pacific railroad has

done much to turn the wild and wooly west into the civilized jungle of today. We have only to go to the movies to see valiant trainmen shooting redskins into the dust and fighting through the hazards of the plains to bring the railroad west and thus open the door to progress. No one, even the villain who deliberately blew up the trestle and betrayed the supply train to Chief Stoopentakit, would ever accuse the Western Pacific railroad of pornography.

Yet a recent time-table, issued by the Western Pacific in the indolent manner of the slow train through Arkansas, contained a photograph rivaling the dirtiest of French pictures, if the line is not too obscure. "An accident," rail moguls screamed, "we have been betrayed by a shadow!"

The photo in question depicts a dining car waiter beaming upon a group of happy and hungry travelers. Close inspection discloses, by illusion, that the waiter has neglected to zip his trousers.

When reported, Western Pacific time-tables were in big and instant demand. Travel racks were soon depleted, altho the railroad sent all hands into the field with instructions to bring in the horrible misprints. Doubtless, they were able to gather a share of them.

Now, bright boys who were smart enough to get a supply, have the offending time-table available at one dollar each. However, as the existing black-market supply dwindles, the price is sure to go up. Better get yours now.



**SHE'S ONLY A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE
BUT LILY IS ONE DOVE IN THE DOUGH**

Even the 'hardway' bettors are said to forsake the cubes and hie for the bistro department when Lily St. Cyr is swung aloft in her roving gilded cage at Las Vegas. Once removed, the tantalizing blonde then tosses her perfumed "unmentionables" to the gaping and sometimes frenzied yokels. One San Franciscan, it is reported, attempted to bet Lily's panties on the field.

"FABULOUS LAS VEGAS," they call it!

Lily St. Cyr Tells:

"WHAT LOVE CAN DO TO
A GIRL"

"Love can do all that the poet's say," Lily St. Cyr, disrober extraordinary," told this reporter recently, "but in my case it made me think."

It was on the eve of Lily's recent wedding to Ted Jordon, embryonic actor.

"I was all set to make the altar hike with Ted months ago in Las Vegas," Lily continued. "The club where I was appearing doing my 'Love Moods' dance, was all set to give Ted and I a really wonderful wedding and reception. Then, as I say, I got to thinking."

"Your pardon, Lily," we said, "doubtless we are stupid but — what is the connection between cogitation and the nuptial knot?"

"Just this. Ted is a grand fellow, very good looking and he has a big career ahead of him as an actor. Perhaps he will attain stardom. Now, my particular act thrives upon notoriety. Where would I be today if I hadn't won acquittal when arrested in Hollywood? While I believe that my dancing is in no way comparable to the strip-tease, I also know that if I am to continue as a headliner my near-nude photos must appear in all of the magazines and that I must make my dancing, as Liberace says, 'sexy.' I thought of all this in Las Vegas and because I love Ted and didn't want him hurt by linking my flamboyant publicity with his — well, I suddenly called off the wedding."

We gazed at Lily's most perfect countenance, peered into her frank yet seductive eyes and allowed our gaze to wander down the perfection of her smooth neck, to the captivating cleavage of her rounded breasts, to the trim waist with its' corsage and thence to her long symmetrical legs, sheathed in the white satin of her decollete wedding gown.

"What made you change your mind?" we asked, swallowing.

"Changing the mind is a woman's privilege and — well, that's what love can do to a girl."

She laughed, parted our dukes and was off down the aisle as the marriage march began.

Good luck to you, Lily and Ted and may your twin beds never part!



COMING IN OUR NEXT

SAN FRANCISCO CONFIDENTIAL'S next issue will be hotter than the old fashioned depot stove on the 4th of July with a pitch-blend fire. We'll have a host of most intriguing pictures of the world's most captivating cuties, tales galore, cartoons and articles that will call a spade a spade. This publication is for red-blooded readers and we'll mince nothing, let alone words.

ORDER YOUR COPY IN ADVANCE!

Just think — TOKYO CONFIDENTIAL with the first expose' of Japanese girlie shows and MEXICO CITY CONFIDENTIAL, with the low-down on the Senoritas south of the border, will be just two of the sensational book-length broadsides at the Bluenoses.

WATCH FOR IT!

**GIRLS
YOU
EYE-DOLIZE
NO. 1**



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GAY PARIS CONFIDENTIAL -
THE BEAUTY CONTEST AND THE
CARTOON DEPICTING THE
AUTHOR'S ERROR.



**GIRLS
YOU
EYE-DOLIZE
NO. 2**

**GIRLIE
GAL-ERIE
NO. 3**





WHY HADACOL WENT BROKE

Here's a quartette of curvaceous cuties calculated to confirm the most romantic bachelor. Left to right: Tempest (El Rey) Storm, Syra, Nita Louis and Honey Harlow. The combined charms of these lovelies would set Ovid to ranting, Rubirosa panting.

"HOLLYWOOD CONFIDENTIAL"

In giving you the lowdown and the inside on fabulous Hollywood, dubbed by her other critics, "the land of the swish and the home of the knave," this author intends to pull no punches! A few may seem to go below the belt. My lawyers are ready—my pauper's oath needs only my signature.

"Why not expose Hollywood?" a famous cinema producer asked recently. "No one is under obligation, moral or otherwise, to a community that is inhabited by so many counterfeit people!" Take Howard Hughes, biggest man in the racket—and what does he sell? Sex—even unborn babies!"

Anyway, my conscience can easily be salved by thrusting money of the folding variety into my jeans. So, for the first time in print I'm going to tell the true story of Flicker Land and the finger will be on picture personalities who have, incontrovertibly, been getting away with nothing short of murder. This will be no publicity man's gush on "Lollie" Parson's slush—this will be an expose.

I'll probably be accused of using the stale artifices of a typical B-Picture script in this writing, but bear in mind, please, that I'm not attempting to achieve literary quality. I'm telling a sordid story and I'll call a spade a spade, cliché or not.

There's dynamite in this story. The names I will mention represent trillions of bucks. Maybe they will get to me before this hits the press, one way or another. But, if you ever start to read this, you'll jump in your chair twenty times before you finish because my charges, insinuations, and allegations make for the most sensational reading of this century.

Folks munching popcorn at the local Bijou are becoming more and more aware of the horrible Hollywood mess of things. Even Sam Slocum, slyly coping a feel at the Drive-In, shudders involuntarily when the image of the actress just headlined as a would-be suicide is flashed on the screen. The parade of marijuana addicts, subversives, moral offenders, jail birds, nymphomaniacs, and drunks on the silver sheets of America is nauseating and is responsible, next to television, of the deep drop in box office receipts.

Here's a quote from Ebony, a negro picture magazine, which is an example of the kind of publicity which sickens even the morons, for whom most picture producers sight their product:

"In one prison homosexuals are allowed to doll up in women's clothing on holidays, and with painted lips and rouged cheeks, are permitted to put on a show for the other inmates in much the same manner as night club fare which features female impersonators. Some of them are quick to let it be known that they enjoyed a measure of fame in such roles before imprisonment, and occasionally boast of their sex contacts with famous personalities. One such prisoner in a Michigan penitentiary, is a comely, blonde chap with small, sharp features, a lithe and supple body, who unashamedly takes pride in being a homosexual and boasts of having associated with several male movie stars."

Now, the point here is not that we are to take the word of a perverted con, but the fact that the people of his like who do entertain us on movie screens and in our homes via television, ARE SO WELL KNOWN and so careless in their mincing activities—that's the disgusting issue and the reason for my quote.

A lady friend of mine, mother of several children, living in a moral, protected home thousands of miles from Hollywood, knew all of the details of Judy Garland's dope addiction which has generally been a better kept than most Hollywood Confidential. She forbids her children to attend picture shows unless a Walt Disney cartoon is exhibited.

The sordid affairs of Rita Hayworth and her dark paramour, Prince Aly Khan, were so disgusting that a Committee of the Motion Picture Industry was suggested to make certain that she would be barred from the screen forever. But, then she marries the guy, has his ebony offspring, poses with the Crown Jewels and what-have-you, quits the son of the Potentate and now there isn't a Hollywood producer that wouldn't part with his right eye to star her in his next film.



"How can you find my 'Hidden Talent' with the lights out?"



A word about investigations before raking up more muck. Is there alive today a real American who will fight for any cause just for the cause and with no thought to any personal gain or self aggrandizement? Did you read Kefauver's Saturday Evening Post story, released before his Committee's report was given the nation? Did you know they were booming him for the next President down Chattanooga way while his kisser was focused on your screen and mine as a Champion of the people? He performs in an act which discloses:

- I—There are gamblers.
- II—There are racket guys.
- III—Coppers take money.
- IV—You can bribe a politician.

Then he sells the story to the Post and endorses a movie for a fast buck. This expose is written for one purpose only. To sell books and make money. Let that go into the record before someone exposes me.

In defending the actions of picture players that have slipped, one of our best hack writers has said that they, these poor misunderstood souls, must be excused on the grounds that they are "just children, living in a world of make-believe."

Here is an interesting thought but let us hope that the youngsters do not take the more daring of their reel roles into real life and leave us limp. Of course, "Bogie" slugs only girls—but, what if Red Sympathizer Cagney began blasting with a tommy gun? Silly thought, eh?

The part played by the Hollywood gossip writers, columnists and trade paper reporters in the involved Hollywood scheme of things has never been fully bared. Let me say that Louella (Lollie) Parsons and her daughter, Harriet, Jimmy Fidler and Hedda Hopper wield more power than any other individuals with only one challenger, Walter Winchell. The pap printed daily about picture actors, if reduced only 10 per cent, would end the current newsprint shortage.

Lollie has broken many a previously impervious movie Queen and has written finis to the careers of innumerable aspiring actors. Her job with Hearst papers is a life-time stint. She knows all of the spicy details of the Marion Davies-Hearst scandal. Simone Simone? If she keeps a little black book—it's worth a buck. It is said that she is the one person hep to the facts concerning the murder of Director Thos. H. Ince. She made off-spring Harriet a producer, has all the money she can ever spend. But dough is not important to her. She seeks more and more power, the power to control and crush. In "fingering" this dame "Lollie," I am not afraid to state that she wets her pants when drunk.

Charles Spencer Chaplin the multi-million dollar radical, is a fine feathered bird who should be deported to Russia, where no doubt he could join the ranks of the upper 398. This clown has spawned a mess of brats, has had a variety of wives, most of them fertile, Edna Purivance, Paulette Goddard, Mildred Harris, Lita Grey, the dame who broke into his mansion and cried: "My child is his!" and his latest, Oona O'Neil, daughter of the dramatist.

Now, don't misunderstand, I do not allege that Chaplin was legally married to all of the above. I call them his wives for the sake of brevity.

Of course, Chaplin has, in some instances, paid off for romance. He did make Edna a star: at least she was billed as one. It is said that he slipped Paulette a cool million and Mildred scored for a few leafs by billing herself as Mrs. Charlie Chaplin and touring the weeds for fast buck promoters.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN



Charlie has never become a citizen of this country although he has racked up his first and last centime here. It is a matter of record that he has figured in more unsavory publicity than any other Hollywood luminary. Let me say here and now and defy him to sue me—Chaplin is a repellent character, an insult to American ideals.

There's another ogling ape that I personally despise, mainly because the gal he dumped was a swell pal to a lot of lonesome soldiers during the war. I am referring to the ridiculous Englishman, Rex "Sexy Rexy" Harrison. How Carole Landis could yen for the stuffy ("Sex Takes a Holiday," I'd call him) Harrison, is one for the book. That she did is the point and all she got for her love was a lot of short lime juice con. Carole wound up on her bathroom floor full of sleeping tablets. Rexy took a boat, waited for the heat to subside, then returned for a Broadway play... They hate him in Hollywood.

Actress of another day, Thelma Todd, delicious comedienne, got the same kind of deal. She took monoxide gas—some say it wasn't suicide but murder! I mention it here so that it can be noted that Hollywood history does repeat.

Barbara LaMar, wonderful vamp, went the suicide route over a lost love and bogged down career, to mention another of the self destroyed.

Lupe Velez, uninhibited Senorita, was another who couldn't take the loss of love and she, too, knocked herself off in a fit of self pity. Her "Johnnee," the fattening Tarzan, continues to leap from limb to limb.

Frances Farmer also broke under the worry of lost screen roles and the lack of ardor on the part of the gee she yenned for. Frances broke mentally and took to slugging the coppers and winding up in psycho cells. They say that she has now calmed a bit but is forever out of pictures.

Just when Washington was all set to investigate Hollywood morals and what not and even sent a scandal detective to the scene, it had to be discovered that many state department staffers were perverts. Their dismissal as poor security risks kind of took the edge off the Hollywood probe, particularly when a columnist suggested investigating Congress.

This was unfortunate in that the Hollywood investigation would have proved fun, indeed. Some sharp quickie producer would have knocked off a picture on the subject, after the usual white-wash had been applied. And, think of all the high jinks the Washington investigators would have enjoyed! "Come, Lana—you must be a good girl—climb into bed and let's find out."

For the benefit of the few who have devoted heart and energy to the betterment of the motion picture who will consider this story exceedingly harmful, let me give this solace and advice.

There will always be a buck and a round of applause for clever, decent people.

II

Telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about Hollywood is impossible. The reason is obvious—there's nothing truthful about Hollywood. For instance, the accepted motion picture version of a gangster is a talk out of the side of the mouth role. Edward G. Robinson's characterization, for example. This is about as far from the real thing as you can get without boarding a Flying Saucer for Mars. On the other hand, real Chicago hoods have actually appeared in pictures, playing themselves. Robinson's favorite color is chartreuse, according to the gossip columnists who sometimes get things, including themselves, right. Eddie's political leanings are now under scrutiny.

Hollywood is a fantasy and a reality combined. It is the stopping place between never-never land and the grocery bill. It is inhabited with poseurs, fakirs, medicine men, pitchmen, writers, artists, a few showmen and some actors. It has Prince Mike Romanoff and Peter the Hermit. It has a restaurant where even the waiters are Queer and some suspect the Chef. It has been a ripe field for rapists, racket guys, mug artists, bunco men and shake-down artists. It has been a mecca for con men. Its sex crimes are numerous—hideous.

It has been the focal point for millions of dumb but desirable dames anxious to give all for a part in a picture. It has bred sweeter girls. It girls. Kimona girls, Oomph girls and If girls. It has spawned the girl you'd like best while shaving, the girl 'we'd never leave at the altar,' Miss Persimmon and Miss What the Hell Not.

There has been so much bunk, gush and sheer unadulterated poop purveyed about Hollywood that it is difficult indeed for any reporter to separate the real from the unreal—the press agent glub from fact. Almost as difficult in fact, as it is to differentiate between boys and girls. Certainly, a pair of pants is no evidence one way or the other.

DON'T PUT
YOUR
GUM UNDER
YOUR SEAT

CLARK GABLE AND JEAN HARLOW



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A most amusing aspect of the modern Hollywood scene is, to this writer, the bizarre situation bound to exist when, through the chicanery of scribes, over indulgence of either wine or the spot-light, girl boys and boy girls or any combination of the same, become involved together.

If this seems obscure, allow me to explain in detail and begin with a clip from a San Diego scandal sheet:

One of California's top socialites is slowly discovering that the handsome filmhand hubby she took on, with so much publicity a while back, likes boys much more than girls.

The virile hero of the big muscles and fierce embrace a few years back was an admitted homosexual. Our poor little frustrated debutante is finding out the hard way.

This situation has many twists, reverse and otherwise. Do you recall the play, "The Captive," once presented on Broadway and quickly closed by the Gendarmes? Well, the plot had to do with the wife who fell in love with another woman. Not at all an unusual situation in Hollywood. "Look at you," the hapless husband would say in the play, "you are shaking all over - you've been with her again!"

Take the case of the Homo Husband and his Lesbian Lady. When out for an evening, he goes with a Him and she dates a Her. Are you listening, Doctor Kinsey?

Do they, upon their return to the wedded bliss of their home together, discuss the evening spent separately?

"Oh wifey," he might say, "I had such a ducky time tonight. Herbie was so cute!"

"Goodie, darling, and Winona was just too ravishing!"

These ironic situations can be anything but funny to the uninitiated. A friend of mine who produces pictures but makes his headquarters in San Francisco, once dined and winded an actress with the firm intention of not only casting her for his next screen venture but also to lure her to his bed. To this end he expended much money and energy, becoming more and more captivated by the exotic actress - only to discover, when on the very threshold of success - that the lady liked ladies.

There are hundreds of persons in Hollywood who subsist by reporting the activities of the movie personalities. Some are employed by newspapers, some work free lance for

magazines. Some are hired by the actors themselves as press agents. These scribes succeed in planting millions of words, thousands of pictures. Does Whozzis help his wife with the dishes? Who are Marilyn's ten favorite men? Why is Whathisname dedicated to a Hermit's existence and never seen in the gay spots? Does Miss Universe shave under her arms?

This nauseating nonsense is avidly read by millions. Just the thought of Janet bathing in cod liver oil gives sensuous pleasure to moronic lame brains who, in theory at least, are supposed to buy tickets to Janet's next movie and doubtless to conjecture as to whether or not the oil had made the lady sexier, prettier or a better actress.

The real reporting, however, seldom emanates from Hollywood. The "Inside Stuff" is dug up by newsmen, magazine writers and researchers who get their dope from the police blotters, trial records, tax reports, whispers, gossip and from the principals themselves who will talk, try shutting one of them up.

Van Johnson's self confessed homosexual tendencies came to light when a reporter thought to investigate the pretty actor's draft status. Van told the F. B. I., a national magazine has asserted, that he swished when in the company of his own sex and thus escaped war service. Of course, Van had to confess all to prove conclusively that he was not faking, was a full fledged and experienced Homo.

There are those who may now say: "How unfair to bring up Van's past now that he is an established star and successfully portrays 'He Man' roles and, too, he is a father and just because he said he was queer is no reason to ruin him now."

The same might apply to Johnnie Ray. How well I recall Johnny when he was trying to break into show business via the scratch-house burlesque theatres in Portland, Oregon. At that time manager's were reluctant to give Johnnie "his chance," so to speak because of the cryer's unspeakable tendencies. But, when he reached the top, he still couldn't stop, altho given a marriage for background purposes.

"But, my tell on Johnnie now, hasn't he had enough trouble?"

Well, probably it isn't nice to mention Lawrence (Bad Boy) Tierney's many arrests for drunkenness, unkind to note that after doing time for shooting his wife Joan Bennett's agent, Jennings Lang, Walter Wan-

ger's first film should be a prison picture, thus capitalizing on his time in durance vile. Extremely wrong to print anything about Rita Hayworth's alleged neglected children and latest husband Crooner Dick's troubles with the U. S. Immigration Service, despicable to write about Judy Garland's battle against dope addiction and certainly anything but friendly to recall that Geraldine Brooks, June Havoc, Marsha Hunt, Lauren Bacall, Richard Conte, Evelyn Keyes, Paul Henreid, Humphrey Bogart, Gene Kelly and Danny Kaye all flew to Washington in 1947 to protest un-American investigation.

Nobody, with a shred of decency, would recount the death of Robert Walker, former radio announcer of Tulsa, Okla., who married Jennifer Jones, daughter of the movie exhibitor, Phil Isley. After both acquired the status of stars, and a family, Jennifer left Walker and he took the parting hard. In fact, he became a dipso and nutty enough to qualify for admittance to that Wichita, Kansas, Mental Hospital. They apparently recovered and only carrying a dim torch, Walker returned to films and made several pictures, only to die when his brain failed after an injection of sodium amytal, a sedative, to quiet him.

Only an unscrupulous person would divulge that John Agar, one time husband of child actress Shirley Temple did 180 days for drunk driving and the attempted suicide of TV actress Joyce Mathews by the wrist slashing route in the apartment of Billy Rose, who has just shed Eleanor Holm after sensational charges and counter charges - well, these things should be allowed, like old General's, to fade away. Joyce was twice divorced from Uncle Miltie Berle and became attached to the pint sized Rose, whose claims to showmanship are based upon the spectacle "Aquacade", which HE DID NOT produce. What Joyce liked about Billie is one of those Ellery Queen situations.

But, all this is the worst kind of unsavory reporting that you, dear reader, love!

Then there is the classic monologue of the typical Hollywood Producer (sometimes known as Procurers): 'My dear, I do think you have talent, I intend to make you an actress and make you a beauty. I'll even make you a dancer and, in other words, I'll make you.'

- THE END -



HEDY AND GINGER EARLY OPUSES

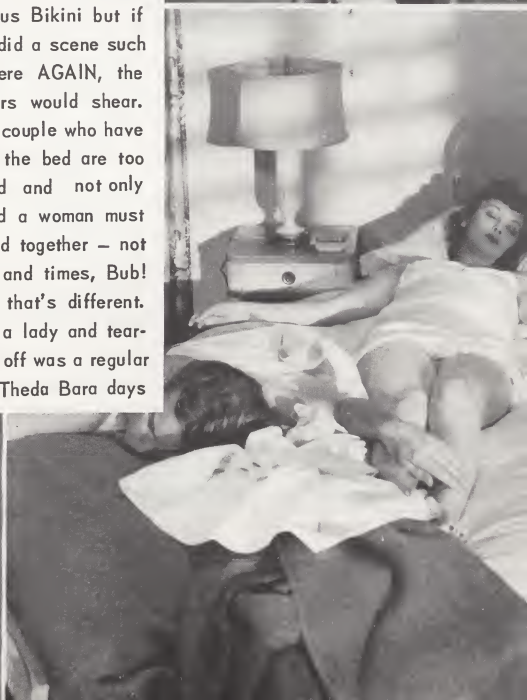
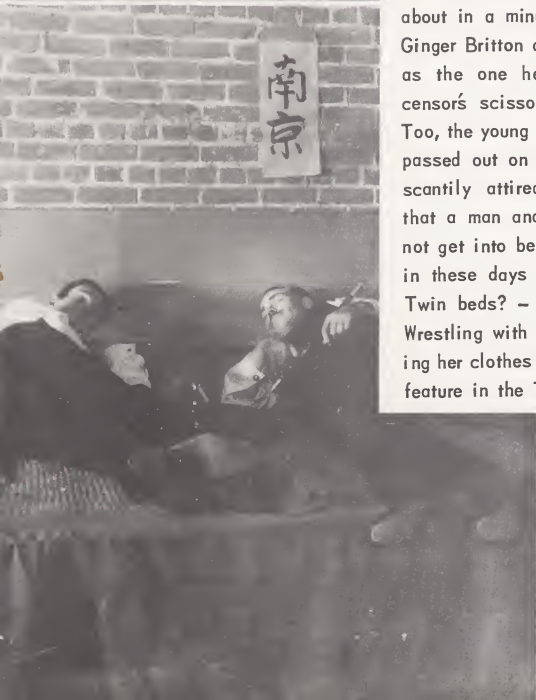
Surely you recall Heda Lamar's first film, "Ecstasy," in which she slithered through the bushes with a bare behind? Well, this is a headshot of the now gorgeous Hedy as she looked in that controversial movie, said to have cost her first husband a fortune in prints. He was never able to buy the negative. Fritz Somebody was his name. The three most interesting pictures are from a Movie called "SOULS in PAWN", which is still running, starring Ginger Britton.





CELLULOID FOIBLES OF HOLLYWOOD

B. C., in Moviedom, means Before Censorship. Many of those old pictures Ma and Pa used to see — and think nothing of, are considered too torrid for present day cinema fans. Nowadays, state and city bluenoses condemn scenes in which the players hit the pipe. Legs must not be displayed unless the performer is in a bathing suit. It's OK for Esther Williams to cavort about in a minus Bikini but if Ginger Britton did a scene such as the one here AGAIN, the censors' scissors would shear. Too, the young couple who have passed out on the bed are too scantily attired and not only that a man and a woman must not get into bed together — not in these days and times, Bub! Twin beds? — that's different. Wrestling with a lady and tearing her clothes off was a regular feature in the Theda Bara days

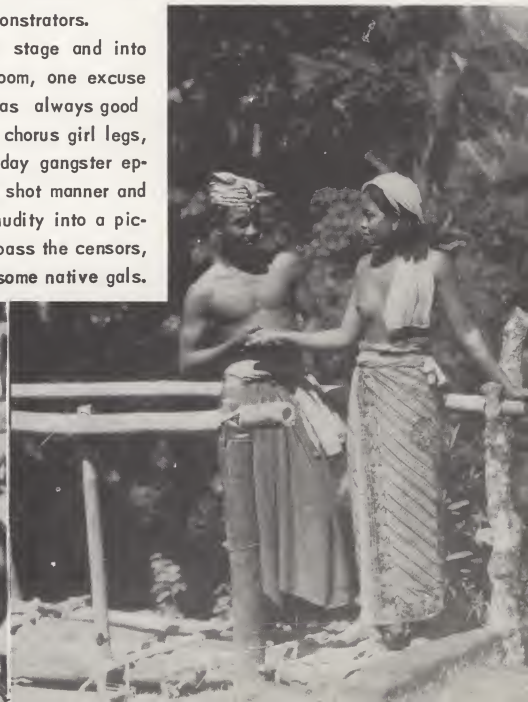
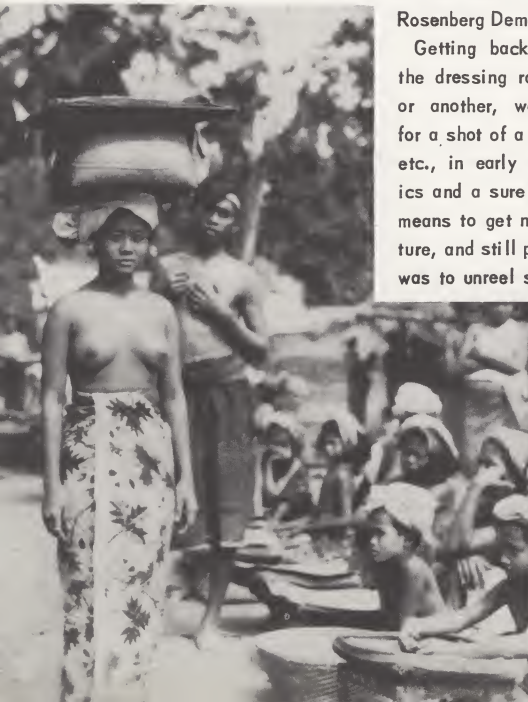




MORE HOLLYWOOD FOCUSES

Ralph Bellamy, former tent show thespian, is still sneering at you on the TV screen but the lass pictured with him is no longer visible on any screen. She is Karen Morley, the shouting Kremlin Creep. She was one of the more voiciferous of the Rosenberg Demonstrators.

Getting back stage and into the dressing room, one excuse or another, was always good for a shot of a chorus girl legs, etc., in early day gangster epics and a sure shot manner and means to get nudity into a picture, and still pass the censors, was to unroll some native gals.



NIX NUDISTS

What with the interest in the nudist movement growing by thighs and bosoms, so to speak, it was a definite set-back to the epidermis expositors to learn that the nabobs have decreed that they are not wanted on Nob Hill. A spokesman for a large hotel, billed as "high atop the nob," was aghast at the mere thought of the naturists holding a convention in his balliwick.

"We will never hold still for a parade of bare buttox in our establishment," the Boniface stated. "We are aware that nudists do convene elsewhere but as far as we are concerned they have nothing on the ball." This somewhat ambiguous statement was followed by a diatribe knocking the bare folk.

However, there is hope for a meet of the meat (bad pun) since most Chinatown shop keepers will bid welcome to anybody with money. "Just so they carry pocketbooks," was the remark of one inscrutable Oriental. "Happy to see naked people."

Pickpockets Stay Away

A day in the life of a fellow at a nudist convention: You get up after a night spent in a dormitory bed. Married couples as well as single men bunk down in this dorm. Nudists are great snorers, it sounds like. The night is broken by heavy bugling. The noise drowns out the ominous buzz of mosquitoes which are having their own convention here.

In the morning rain beats down. Nothing puts a crimp on a nudists' convention like rain.

"Oh well, it can't ruin any clothes anyway," says a young salesman.

The campers sit about in tents, cabins or bunks having breakfast. People do a lot of eating here. You are not expected to dress for dinner. When the rain eases the campers go into a grove.

Some play volley ball. Others listen to Ilsey Boone, 74, tell how he won a 20-year fight against postal curbs on nudist magazines. . . . He says the nudist movement is highly moral and natural.

About 300 campers are here at Zoro Nature Park, away from the city's flesh pots. Some nudists sit in the bunk-house watching TV. You don't see many camera fans around. Negatives probably would be over-exposed anyway. The day moves on easily. People are jolly and congenial. Youngsters of all ages romp around unconscious of their nudity.

"You can leave anything around—jewelry, money," says a camper. "Everyone here is honest. Nothing is ever taken." Which is true. Anyway if a pickpocket ever hit camp, whose pockets could he pick and where could he put the loot? Nudists have ingenious ways of carrying things like cigarettes or money. Some have little coin purses attached to uncups. A handsome, mustached 84-year-old man named "Apollo" makes these purses. Other campers put smokes in their socks or shoes. One fellow, a Chicago music arranger, gave me his business card. I couldn't figure out where he kept the cards. Maybe he had them pasted on his back. At night, the convention-goers sit around camp fires and sing.

THE prudish old maid found herself seated next to a sophisticated playboy at a formal affair. After a little, rather icy conversation, the lady attempted to dismiss the fellow with, "It's quite obvious, sir, that we do not agree on a single, solitary thing."

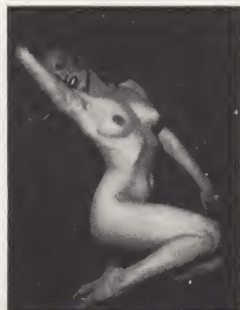
The playboy smiled. "Oh, I don't think that's quite true madam," he said. "If you were to enter a bedroom in which there were two beds. And if, madam, there were a woman in one and a man in the other, in which bed would you sleep?"

"Well," the lady huffed indignantly, "with the woman, of course."

"You see, we agree," the playboy said laughing. "So would I."

A BOOK IS BORN

This, the debut of SAN FRANCISCO CONFIDENTIAL, is frankly an experiment in "out of the rut" publishing. It is designed to please the so-called "sophisticated" reader, perhaps an intelligence notch above the comic book devourer and a hitch or two below Atlantic Monthly disciples. If you are hide bound, blue nosed, straight laced or lacy you'll probably find the contents coarse, crude, common and corny. But, we think that there is a class of reader who will welcome this volume to the bosom and boo the critics we are sure to accumulate. However, for the sake of the record, it may be well to state the policy. The inside, lowdown and bare facts will be published but, it is not our intention to expose anybody or anything. Our columns will titillate — not agitate. "Live and Let Live," shall be our motto. Anyone for a Liberace story?



MARILYN MONROE

In all the history of press agency, there has never been such a sustained campaign as the one behind Marilyn. To what extent our own Joe Dimaggio is hep to the give is a matter for conjecture. It could even be that Joe has been completely hornsogged. But, don't believe that Marilyn is any trouble with her studio. She does, publicity wise, as she's told.



Miss Patti Waggin from the Peninsula, a pretty with plenty on the ball. She metriculated from College, majoring in Archeology, rides in dare-devil style aboard her motor bike and poses for "Cheesecake" photos. Patti does dance with gay abandon and was recently voted "The One Girl To Distract Us," by the Stratfordshire Bird Watcher's Association. "Bloody cute, cuddlesome and all that sort of thing. Rather interesting, too." So sayeth the President of that Avian English organization.





UNCOVERING THE MODELS OF THE ERA

Meet Miss Ricki Covette, 6 foot 8 inch hunk of gal with attributes calculated to intrigue the most blase reader of this, the first edition of **SAN FRANCISCO CONFIDENTIAL**. This photo should make our publication a collector's item and we confidently expect to have a big demand for this issue in 1999.



EVELYN WEST

Our apologies to Evelyn for using her photo in a rather tricky way, which the reader will note without being told. Evelyn is the girl, you know, with the Million Dollar Treasure Chest. She has enjoined Temp-est Storm from using a similar billing. Tempest refers to her attributes as "her bosom pals."

FOLLYWOOD'S VICIOUS RACKET

It's billed on our cover as "funny," but believe us the latest Filmville cankerous caper is anything but amusing to its victims. There is at least one prurient wretch, lecherous skunk and hound of evil operating the most reprehensible racket of our time. He takes photos of leading cinema people, cuts out the heads in paper doll fashion and pastes them on the naked bodies of prostitutes and other dubious persons. Then, a picture is shot from the paste-up, creating a most surprising photo that defies detection. This was done in the case of Barbara Payton and Tom Neal during the time they were tangling with Franchot Tone. The bodies were "circus" performers from Paris. Thousands of post card size pics were distributed from the faked negative and gained Neal a reputation that he will find difficult to live up to. How to stop the serpents engaged in this dirty business? Cease buying the pictures. Did you see the one with Liberace and Van Johnson? Sells for two dollars in a plain envelope.

We overheard a couple of modern young ladies chatting at cocktails the other afternoon. "Did you hear about Joanne getting married again?" asked the first. "No!" exclaimed the other in surprise. "I didn't even know she was pregnant."

THE CHRONICLE

Not many months ago The Chronicle began an expose' of vice, dope, sin and sex in San Francisco, calculated to shock the most blasé reader while increasing the sheet's dwindling circulation. Unfortunately, various advertisers complained bitterly and the cab drivers, accused of hauling call girls, etc., screamed, wailed and hollered. Thus, almost at its inception, the "blazing" series was discontinued with apologies. More recently, the same newspaper "fingered" the Gendarmes, accusing them of laxity, laziness, stupidity, credulity and larceny. This daily blast continued through some fourteen chapters and whether or not it sold more Chronicles is a statistic that only the Chronicle can disclose.

Now is the time to tip the table and since this writer has been a victim — who better to lower the boom? Some while back, while nipping various nectars in a saloon of ill repute, we were approached by a bedraggled individual who said he was soliciting for the Chronicle and since it was rainy and gusty without we were sympathetic and invited the grizzled gent to partake of a noggin of cheer. "I've only written four orders all morning," he groaned, "and my feet are killing me. This is a tougher racket than peddling cleaners."



"Have you mentioned the odd fact to prospective subscribers that the Chronicle is home owned?" we asked in drunken helpfulness.

"This only seems to add resistance," the solicitor replied. "You'd be surprised at the rejoinders I get to that perfectly simple statement. How about taking a four month order? Your signature is all I need. You get the paper every morning and we send you a complete set of Encyclopedia absolutely free."

"When do I pay the eight bucks?"

Aware as we were that the subscription chit was a deuce monthly. "You pay," he replied, gulping beer. "Two dollars every month." "When do the books arrive?" "At once."

We signed, not exactly out of pity but because we simply cannot pass up anything that is free regardless of what it costs. Well, the Chronicle has been coming every morning for some months now but the books have yet to arrive. However, eventually we will get them. The Chronicle is a honest newspaper. If not, how could they put the knock on other rackets?

THE COLUMNISTS

Over zealous press agents are lousing up the gossip scribes. That is, they are indiscriminately shooting the same item to all of the boys and girls without proper regard for exclusives. Thus, we are apt to read the same drivel in several papers. Also, there is but little regard for fact. For instance, one columnist had champ Bobo Olsen entertaining a movie cast at a swank East Bay bistro while actually he was consuming the 90 cent special at a dubious Ellis street Cancer Clinic.

"What is the others name?"



WHOSE LEGS ARE THESE?

How observing are you? Here is a new game called "GUESS THE GAMS", and the idea is to figure out what young lady these luscious limbs belong to. Success on your part will get you a FREE photo of the dazzler, who is, as a hint, a top strip-tease artiste. Send us a letter or card to

SAN FRANCISCO CONFIDENTIAL

519 Eddy Street

San Francisco, California

If you have properly identified the mystery legs — — — you get the picture.

What have you got to lose?

**GIRLIE
GAL-ERIE
NO. 4**





**GIRLIE
GAL-ERIE
NO. 5**

**GIRLS
YOU
EYE-DOLIZE
NO. 6**

**WANTED, DOTTED-LINERS TO
SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE!**

Ever wait until the last minute to bet the nag of your choice and then have the window close right in front of your nose? And, if the horse won — — you were fit to be roped, right? Now, here's the idea with **SAN FRANCISCO CONFIDENTIAL** — — next issue may be **SOLD OUT** before you can get a copy from your dealer. So, assuming that you are not a sissy, we will accept your subscription, pay the freight and save you a buck. Too, we'll send you four pictures of Zee Zee Martine, glossy prints, **FREE**. You get the next four issues worth \$4.00 for \$3.00 and the photos of Zee Zee which will arrive with your first copy (the next one). So, what are you waiting for? Fill out the coupon, shoot us the three bucks and your worries are over!

**SAN FRANCISCO CONFIDENTIAL
519 ELLIS STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
O. K. MEN, SEND ME THE
NEXT 4 ISSUES FOR \$3.00
ENCLOSED. DON'T FORGET MY
ZEE ZEE PHOTOS.**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____





**GIRLS
YOU
EYE-DOLIZE
NO. 7**



**GIRLS
YOU
EYE-DOLIZE
NO. 8**



**GIRLS
YOU
EYE-DOLIZE
NO. 9**

IS WINCHELL A SECRET "CONFIDENTIAL" SPY?

When the late Jack Lait, in collaboration with the columnist Lee Mortimer, came up with a series of exposes, all of which contained the titular word, "Confidential," the jackpot was hit with a vengeance. The success of the books inspired W. R. Harrison, publisher of a string of "Girlie" magazines, to come out with the smash hit scandal sheet, "Confidential," largest newsstand seller among the many new finger pointing publications.

Is Walter Winchell the secret "fix," for Confidential Magazine? It is seldom that Walter misses mentioning the Mag on either his television or radio program. Too, his syndicated column has contained many a plug for "Confidential" and many think that Walter has a piece of the play and that his services are required to give the magazine a touch of respectability. No question about it, Confidential is the most outspoken publication of our time. A spade is certainly called a spade. Is Walter spying?

This brings up the question: "Who originated the 'Confidential' idea? Mortimer and Lait get the nod by a coincidental nose. According to printer's records, Redlaw Elah came out with the very first edition of 'Hollywood Confidential' just a few strides behind 'New York Confidential,' the initial Lait-Mortimer opus.

"I had just finished reading the galley proofs of the first manuscript of 'Hollywood Confidential,' only to discover that the Lait-Mortimer book was in the stalls under the title 'New York Confidential.' Elah told us this while lunching at the Mark Hopkins and making plans for the debut of San Francisco Confidential. 'I considered changing my title to 'Hollywood in the Raw,' or something similar, but then decided to let the original go to press. After all, we seemed to have hit one of those impasses best described as coincidental."

Actually, by the prerogative of "first," this publication is entitled to the use of the word "CONFIDENTIAL" and might conceivably attain the exclusive use of the word through court action. However, us editors will leave things as they are — we like W. R. Harrison and we certainly don't want Walter Winchell irked with us.

BACCANALIA BY THE BAY OR FORTY YEARS OF SIN

A girl with a "calling," to point a pun, is promiscuously missing in San Francisco as these words are being etched, but there was a time when a call girl was one obtained by hollering into a crib window on the "Bawdy Barbary Coast" that was. Pacific street, as most are aware, abounded with broads of all nationalities, shapes, descriptions and talents. It was, as the San Francisco Call described it in 1869, "the coast where no gentle breezes



blow, but where rages one wild sirocco of sin."

In 1851 and 1856 Vigilante Committees descended upon the Coast and turned the area into chaos, but it took the denizens of the dives only four years to regain all that had been lost and to turn the district into a hell-on-earth that for sheer viciousness and depravity was unsurpassed anywhere. The whores, pimps, crimps, thieves, politicians, and thugs remained in power for forty years. The Hoodlums, a word of San Francisco origin, were the most feared. They fought with fists, teeth, feet, bludgeons, brass knuckles and knives.

Sin, as we know it now, would have been a weak commodity on the old Coast. It was a more potent punch in those days, indeed, and it was on tap seven days a week, around the clock in every describable deadfall, dump, cow yard and crib house. You could buy anything you had the money to pay for. Enough heroin for a shot was 15 cents in a Grant Avenue drug store.

Devil's Acre, bounded by Broadway, Kearney and Montgomery streets averaged a murder a week — the only crime the police bothered to keep track of.

In the 1890's the North Beach bagnios began an uptown invasion that carried haroltry to Mason, Larkin, O'Farrell and other streets, becoming known as the Uptown Tenderloin

The goings on of the Malottes, Wilkins and their ilk seem curiously dull in comparison with such as Tessie Wall and Aunt Josie of another era. So do the modern establishments seem lacking in color and romance when compared with the Live-ly Flea, the Red Rooster and the Parisian Mansion of bygone times.

Sudden Desire: To hear Mabel Malotte (last (?) of the Call House Madams) sing the old tear jerker "I Hear You Calling Me."



**GIRLIE
GAL-CRIC
NO. 10**

RUINO
in
Hollywood
nyc

OUI! OUI! MILLE. FROM PAREE

Ziz is Zee Zee Martine, ze Parisian danseuse. She was on hand to console her countryman, Pierre Langlois, when he blew the duke to Bobo, battling King of the middles. Zee Zee languished a kiss upon Pierre's battered brow and photos of the kind osculation appeared in newspapers the world over. Zee Zee may star in a revival of the perennial French farce, which had a thirteen year run in North Beach, "Easy for Zee Zee."



**GIRLIE
GAL-ERIE
NO. 11**





**GIRLS
YOU
EYE-DOLIZE
NO. 12**



**GIRLS
YOU
EYE-DOLIZE
NO. 13**

**GIRLIE
GAL-ERIE
NO. 14**





**GIRLS
YOU
EYE-DOLIZE
NO. 15**

Madame Tenebris
by *James*

**GIRLS
YOU
EYE-DOLIZE
NO. 16**





HONEY IN THE HAY

If you can't find a needle in a haystack, here's an even better discovery, langorous TANA, a model with the attributes necessary for stardom. TANA will soon appear in a motion picture, and is busy now in Follywood, posing for magazine covers and "leg" art.

CONFIDENTIAL *hollywood shopping tips for men only!*



#729 "WILD CAT" Nylon jungle-print briefs with a "Nature Girl" look. Tawny leopard tone. 22 to 30-inch waist.



#862 "BABY DOLL" Nylon Doll-size panties. 100% Nylon lace, fully lined. Black; Black over nude. 22 to 30" waist.



#821 "Lace Spice" 100% Nylon Lace New flared step-ins; slit sides. 24 to 30" waist. Black only



#882 "Polka Pants" Brief Nylon jersey. 22" to 30" waist. Red and Blue dots on White.



TERRY TREAT

#871 "PIN UP" Chemise



NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF PANTS

"You'll Love Her In This," the ad says, displaying the most revealing, cloying, passion-arousing briefs, panties, bikinis, nighties and other garments particularly intimate to M'lady. And it seems quite the thing to advertise these frills in magazines of almost exclusive male readership.

How natural to buy the one upon whom you dote a Frenchy undie creation and get it by mail. No embarrassment, no shopping — all so easy. And in a way

this line of thinking is correct except the aforementioned object of affection may not be a girl — that is, in body. Because, while doubtless those that wend these wares do sell plenty of the product for the ultimate delight of the ladies — it is also a fact that the so-called third sex also reaps the benefit of the handy coupon.

"Pansies, even the brazen ones, are hesitant to shop in the women's stores," one mail order executive told the publisher of SAN FRANCISCO CONFIDENTIAL.

DENTIAL. "I guess about eighty per cent of our business, altho we have no way of conducting an accurate survey, of course, is with either the dominant or the passive of the twilight sex. They just dote on our scanty panties and naughty nighties.

This publication now goes on record. We will accept no "French Accent" nylon net half bras with flirty ruffles or "Dream Doll" wisp of nighties, with sheer net yoke, advertising. No indeed, we'll sell them ourselves! Size, please?

SAN FRANCISCO CONFIDENTIAL

"Banter And Blatherby the Boy"

Vol. I

No. I

WALTER HALE, Editor and Publisher

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IN THE PICTURE GALLERY OF GIRLS: No. 1 — JENNIE LEE, No. 2 — RITA RAVEL, No. 3 PATTI WAGGIN, No. 4 — VAL DE VAL, No. 5 — HONEY HARLOW, No. 6 — CEIL VON DELL, No. 7 — MLLE. ZEE ZEE, No. 8 — BETTY SHAY, No. 9 — SENORITA ZARRA, No. 10 — ILKA DE CAVA, No. 11 — SYRA, No. 12 — PATTI WAGGIN, No. 13 — VAL DE VAL, No. 14 — SYRA, No. 15 — GABY DE LYS, No. 16 — VENUS, No. 17 — PATTI WAGGIN

COVER GIRL: Thunder. She also appears on the Inside Back Cover.

INSIDE COVER: TEMPEST STORM

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TWO GOOD TOURIST ATTRACTIONS

Dixie Evans (Left) and Val De Val are favorites of the San Francisco scene and have done much in the way of attracting tourists from such places as Wamsutter, Wyo., and Oswatomie, Kans. They perform, individually, of course, with a certain verve that stamps them as young ladies of rare talent. Not content with merely tripping the light fantastic, Dixie is an avid Butterfly collector, preferring to capture them in their caterpillar condition which lessens the ardor of the chase. Val is merely sexy.



**GIRLIE
GAL-ERIE
NO. 17**





THIS ISSUE: WHAT LOVE CAN DO TO A GIRL WITH LILY ST. CYR.
ONLY WORLD-WIDE AMUSEMENT DIRECTORY

Get carried away with Darwination!

